

# The Omen



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volume 22 issue 3





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## omen

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HARK:

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Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



"You're like go buy a burger, and they go buy drugs"

Quote attributed to Abby Ohlheiser, on why you shouldn't give money to burns or Hampshire

## to submit

Submissions are due **Saturdays before 5 p.m.** You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Jeffrey Paternostro, Prescott 98A, x5141. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to [jlp00@hampshire.edu](mailto:jlp00@hampshire.edu)

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at [omen.hampshire.edu](http://omen.hampshire.edu)

## THE CHEERY MISANTHROPE

### Editorial



1 I hope I die before Hampshire turns me into one of you. Seriously. This campus has never ceased to amaze me in my four years here with its ability to reward lazy thinking and knee-jerk reactionism among the student body. Whine loud enough or bullshit hard enough, and someone will come to pamper you or validate your viewpoint no matter how silly your demand or demented your intellectual argument. That annoys me. Well, that and the ceaseless supply of apathy up until the point when the mod lottery is changed, or some other policy change that might affect your life, then it's all damn the man and what not, and WHY WASN'T I INFORMED?! HAMPSHIRE ALWAYS DOES THIS! Just stop talking, now.

by Jeffrey Paternostro, Editor-in-Chief

2. On a related note. I bet we see the number of student groups drastically reduce over the next five years. Student groups come and go, that is the nature of Hampshire (which is why I am proud that my groups have been around since 1992, 1998 and 1999 respectively), but I can tell already that you are going to see less students involved in extracurricular groups in the near future. I blame the first year plan. Of course I also blame it for my Wrestling Observer Newsletter coming on Monday instead of Saturday, the lack of Mountain Dew Livewire in the school store, and phonics. Regardless, I think I may be onto something this time. We seem to be accepting students who just want to

do their four years, drink some beer, have some sex and get a Liberal Arts B.A. There are plenty of schools (cheaper and better in fact) where you can do that. Sadly, we are just one among them now.

3. My brother goes to Brandeis. Fine school. Very nice theater department. Very nice theaters, though I suppose when you have an assload of money you can do stuff like that. But here's the kicker, the school actually pays for the theater department to do theater. OH MY GOD! START A REVOLUTION! No really, a lot of schools do that. In fact, I am going to make a guess. A wild guess. I may be wrong, but life is about taking chances. I bet not a single other school in the county has their theater department funded through their Student Activities Fee. In fact, I'll take nickel bets. Seriously. Besides the obvious irony of FiCom lecturing us about not using student group money to fund academic work, there is a more pressing issue, that being that this is academic work. People work in theater to fulfill class requirements or divisional requirements. Why should these students, who work damn hard, be forced to go through the same bullshit to get money to build a set that I do to buy a wrestling mask? The school should guarantee their money and then give it to them. They already have a beaureaucratic structure in place to handle finances and oversight, so why make them fill out RFP's or have to wait for funding to be dispersed, or deal with all the other crap that other group signers

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## policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.





## DIALOGUES CONCERNING ACADEMIC STRUCTURE

Xeno: Hello there, Bob.  
Bob: Hello there, Xeno.  
Xeno: It seems that we are both students at Hampshire College

Bob: It is true.  
Xeno: Remarkable.  
Bob: It seems that we should discuss academic policy in a "dialogue" form.

Xeno: Fancy that, I was just feeling a hankering for some meaningful dialogue myself.

Bob: Wow.  
Xeno: So, I've been having lots of trouble getting a committee together for my division II concentration.

Bob: Really? So have I.  
Xeno: Film and photography?  
Bob: Writing and theater.  
Xeno: How I weep for you, poor Bob, ye of the skimpy employment and the tyranny of media consolidation!

Bob: Oh, friend, your lab fees and art supplies must rack up a monumental bill!

Xeno: Let us weep together at our most inglorious state!

They cry on each other's shoulders.

God: Hello, it is God. I am an old white man with a beard on a comfortable chair in Heaven.

Xeno: You don't come in yet.  
Bob: Yeah, *deus ex machina* comes in at the end.

They cry on each other's shoulders some more, waving God back into his Machine.

Xeno: As we were saying...  
Bob: Yes. Anyhow, it is a Thursday night. Would you like to go out and have some drugs and/or alcoholic beverages, or do you have another suggestion for evening activities?

Xeno: Where do you think we are, Prescott? Merrill B3 or F4? A3? H2 or 3? F3 with their nerdy drugs?

Bob: We are at none of those places, but that rules out nothing.

Xeno: It is true. But my point is, my hobby is reading official notes of faculty committees.

Bob: That sounds like an interesting hobby, friend.

Xeno: I found this quote recently. It goes like, "Thirty-seven percent of our faculty have chaired one or none Division II exams during the 2003 academic year. Forty-three percent of our faculty have chaired one or no Division III exams during that same time. A longer presentation will be given at a later date by the workload group."

Bob: Ah, yes, spoken during the November 18, 2003 meeting of our institution's Educational Policy Committee, yes?

Xeno: Yes, it is true.  
Bob: Alack! Upon further reflection, that sounds rather unseemly, not to mention inequitable.

Trog: And stoopid.  
Xeno: Who are you?

Trog: Not important. Wouldn't it be great to assign students division II committees, to even out this horrible inequity?

Bob: I believe I would like vomit

in that nearby gutter, if that were the position of an actual faculty or staff member with any sort of power.

Trog: Whatever. Just remember, the new first year plan is freakin' dandy.

Xeno: But I-  
Bob: Silence, Xeno. Debate with this one will be fruitless.

Xeno: Okay. Back to the topic at hand, isn't it strange and mysterious that a special few faculty members attract such backlogs of people, and approximately 40 percent are without any sort of following?

Bob: Strange, indeed.  
Xeno: There are, what, approximately 1267 students enrolled here, yes?

Bob: Approximately 700 of whom are either division II or III, yes?

Xeno: That would be a conservative estimate, but let's roll with it, shall we?

Bob: Right. We have 114 full time faculty.

Xeno: That sounds right.

Bob: So, logically, wouldn't each professor chair about five to seven div II or III committees?

Xeno: Your logic is impeccable.

Bob: Wow, that's weird.

*The heavens open up, and God appears to Trog:*

God: TrogTrogTrogTrogTrog?

Trog: Yeah?

God: It's hopeless. Credit

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by Shalin Scupham

## BOYCOTT KFC

Animal advocates everywhere are asking consumers to boycott Kentucky Fried Chicken. This is the latest campaign against fast food giants in which animal advocates are demanding better living conditions for the animals we eat. Some of the recent victories include: McDonalds, Burger King and Wendy's. This campaign has been successful because it has a simple goal to give every animal a more humane life and a less brutal death.

The campaign began when an undercover investigation shed light on the cruelties involved at KFC's factory farms. Some of the abuses include leaving hundreds of thousands of unwanted chickens to starve to death, having their

beaks seared off with hot blades and forcing them to live in tiny cages (11 birds in a cage). Furthermore, they face long journeys in extreme weather conditions often surrounded by the decomposing corpses of other chickens. These intelligent creatures feel pain just as you and me, yet sadly there are no federal laws to protect them.

Here are some of the recommended changes activists ask of KFC: install cameras in slaughterhouses to enforce humane standards, cease mixing rapid growth hormones and other drugs in chicken feed and give chickens more living space. Please urge KFC to follow the lead of McDonalds, Burger King and Wendy's by refusing to give them your dollar until these standards are met.

This is not just a fight for vegans or animal rights activists. If you agree that the conditions listed above should be met join SHARE (Students of Hampshire for Animal Rights Education) along with other 5-College students on Friday, March 5 from 12-1 in front of KFC in Hadley. Come show your support for humane conditions for the animals we eat. For more information on the campaign against KFC please visit <http://www.kfctruth.com> or contact Aryenish Birdie at [abirdie@hampshire.edu](mailto:abirdie@hampshire.edu). Feel free to inquire about any animal rights related issues, to get involved with animal rights activism, or simply to get more information on what the hell I am talking about.

by Aryenish Birdie



## GOOGLE SEARCH #1: MAGICAL PORN PRIEST

by Sam Anderson

This is the first in what will hopefully be a series of Omen features. I simply type in a suitably arbitrary search term and string together the link descriptions, eliminating ellipses where necessary. Enjoy!

[Searched 2-23-04]

Pachinko-playing priest pinched over up-skirt snap. KOBE ku. Masakatsu Fujiwara, chief priest of the shrine, was aghast at the news. Lip reading priest finds fortune in holiest of holes. Cops were shocked to discover the priest had over 30 of these cards in his possession. observers reporting similar events in magical workings without 40-60% of net traffic being porn related Pan The

Priest-Deity will then focus appropriate energy Judas Priest: Electric Eye. Priest Of Love. invokes the help of a voodoo priest to eliminate a roller coaster ride of spectacular magical images, special barrage of similarly-themed, soft-porn Fant-Asia Magical Thinking in Action! Roman Catholic Priest Ditches Secret Wife Cliff Walker (4-82); Fetuses Make Baptist Minister To Film Porn Patrons Cliff Walker (5-75 where's your porn site? THE INITIATE HIGH PRIEST/ESS FOLLOWS THE MYSTERIES OF THE AND DIMEMENTIONS) TALENTS, PSCHIC, SOCIAL, METAPHISICALLY, MAGICAL, MIRACULOUS AND and SWASTIKA, RITUAL MAGIC in ENGLAND, THE MAGICAL WORLD of

range of sub-genres including hardcore porn, mondo and The High Priest speculates on such topics as A number of those who practiced magical arts brought Christ Porn! taken up by early monks (self-styled 'slaves of Christ'), spread to priests and subsequently Linking of porn/vulgar pics Cuts magical damage done to you in half No Requirement Chemist: No Requirement Knight: L4 Squire Archer: L4 Squire Priest: L4 Chemist on tantra is harder to find than porn, but more Among the magical implements on your altar there should not teenage girl, not by an older male priest or wizard maturation and individuation effects their magical/philosophical progress abuse, continued on next page



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system. Let's get on it.

Trog: I knew that.

God: O really.

Trog: Yeah.

Heavens close.

Xeno: You know what would be awesome?

Bob: Saga to be replaced by an independent entrepreneur who buys from local farmers, hence supporting local industries and divesting from Sodexo-Marriot?

Xeno: Yes. But that's not what I was thinking.

Bob: How about more equitable hiring practices, so that faculty specialties would be matched to student interests?

Xeno: That would also be nice, as everybody in studio art/photography/film/theater/writing knows. But it's also not what I was thinking.

Bob: Transparency.

Xeno: Dy-no-MITE!

Bob: Holy God.

God: Yes?

Xeno: Right. We would have an easy way of finding out how many div III/II committees any

given professor is committed to...

Bob: So that we could see who had room in their schedule and bug them!

Trog: The students cannot be trusted with their own education.

God: I may be all-forgiving, but this is getting silly...

Trog: Oh hush.

Xeno: It's a start. That would be possible to set up with The Hub, correct?

Bob: Database technology at its finest.

*Enter Petey. He is a tender first year, who smells like marijuana.*

Petey: Hello, fellow students.

Xeno + Bob: Greetings, fresh meat.

Petey: You wouldn't know where the guy's bathroom is, would you? I found this place with toilets and girls in Dakin, but it seemed like some sort of hallway.

Xeno: Oh, poor soul, come closer to my tender bosoms.

Bob: Xeno, what do you think you are?

Trog: My tender bosoms are open.

Petey: By the way, what is the bare minimum of what I have to do to pass Div II?

Bob: Dunno.

Xeno: Beats me.

God: Whatever. I wave my magic God Wand over your head, and give you blessings.

Petey: Thanks a lot man, I guess I'll go see Star.

God: They do a good job there.

Bob: Even though, you must admit, there are no real clear expectations.

Xeno: Wasn't there a small scare about some graduate programs noting the number of people we have had graduate from our institution in seven semesters and ask us if we were a junior college?

Bob: Hrumnmnm.

God: You guys don't have any real answers, do you.

Petey: Yeah, what God said.

Bob: It's true.

Thunder and lightning crashes; they all disappear in to the night, a small spiral of dust all that remains of their legacy.



## ELLIE DONKIN AND THE TWO STONERS

by Allie Hartley

Everybody knows that working at Hampshire is a shit job. Teachers don't get tenure, they are overworked and underpaid; and since everyone at Hampshire is anti-authority, nine times out of ten you'll get some little first-year shit who thinks he or she knows more about what you're teaching than you do. It makes you wonder, why do these teachers stay?

The truth is that all the teachers are witches. And not in the bad, derogatory sense either. Hampshire is the only way that they can practice in secret, far into the woods, away from the prying eyes of the public. Most importantly, every ten years since the school's construction all the teachers have a Wizard's Duel, by the Hampshire tree. They fight one another until one teacher is left. That teacher, for the next ten years, will be blessed with phenomenal health benefits and decent, hardworking students. At the time this story takes place, Lynn Miller the reigning Champion, was defending his title against Ellie Donkin. Lynn Miller sang "Trich-to-maniasis," and instantly Ellie was stricken with the horrible disease. Ellie returned with "Now is the winter of your discontent!" and Lynn was instantly covered with snow. Growing slightly and with a flick of his reptilian tongue, Lynn sang "Myx-o-mit-osis," and Ellie fell to the ground, frothing at the mouth. She was almost out of tricks when an errant frisbee hit Lynn in the head. His cigar, the source of his power, fell onto a melting pocket of snow by

his feet, hissing angrily. Lynn and Ellie stared at each other in shock. Lynn roared "NOT ACCEPTABLE!", and stalked off in the direction of Cole. A few moments later, two half-naked stoners ambled over to retrieve their frisbee.

"Sorry about that dude."

"Yeah, I was gonna say something, but Lynn's my advisor, and I'm kind of avoiding him."

"He's kind of...harsh."

"You're cool though"

Ellie nodded, astonished. The stoners were tall and tanned, and they had blond dreads down to their shoulders. The girl was shaking her head and laughing, and ropey chunks kept hitting her nose.

"Listen" Ellie said, "You guys really saved my ass here. I'd like to help you out, if I can."

"cool."

"Do you need anything, a Div I or a TA position. I can get you work study."

"Nah," The boy replied, "We're last semester Div 3"

As he said this, the girl heaved a sigh and looked for her bong.

"Do you want anything?"

They looked at each other.

"Well, the thing is, we're Div 3..."

"But we don't want to leave."

"Can we stay here?"

Ellie looked at them sadly. It was spring, and the smell of cow shit was floating in the breeze.

"You don't want to grow up? Move on?"

They shook their heads

"I already know my way

around here. I know who my friends are, and where all the fun stuff is."

"Yeah, and the real world is lame."

"they don't have tofutti cuties in the real world."

"Can we please just stay here, forever?"

"If you could help us, that's all we want."

"You're sure? The need to grow and change is part of being human"

"Oh, and some really good weed, too."

"Yeah"

"If this is what you want, then I suppose I'm bound to help you." She produced a dime bag from her purse. "Smoke this," she said "and all your troubles will be over."

"Fuckin' A, Man!"

But as they smoked, their bodies grew small and furry. Their arms and legs shortened and thier faces squashed, until they were just two small puppies. Ellie scooped them up. "I'll take care of you, you'll be able to stay here as long as you want."

And ever after, the two puppies were able to scamper through the campus, and lie in the grass, and play frisbee. But every so often, you can see them standing outside the library, waiting to be let in. They are thinking of what they might have learned, and what they might have given up to stay at Hampshire.

But since they're stoners, they can forget again pretty easily.



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## GOOGLE SEARCH # 1...

drunken priests, child porn in retories incest, to cases of priest child abuse loves him more than ever -- and now the priest must wrestle the top of the heap in the world of porn, and at in looking to the G-spot as a magical vaginal sex **Magical Thinking in Action Bishop Priest Needed No Discipline** Chuck Shepherd (3-94); **Pastors Engage Porn Sale and Production Made Capital Crimes** Cliff Walker (3 the ordination of Talon & Firewalker, (site owners), as Arch Priest/ess into A collection of information of all shades of the magical arts. **PORN** is not allowed I may as well plug Christopher Priest's website, which has to be more accurate, stock parodies of porn films **THOR #32 - Thor is vexed by a magical object, but As a former witch high priest, and one who worked with Occult or magical knowledge, according to the Bible, is I used the metaphor of a porn role-playing game when some illegal "corpse porn" is traced takes a successful, almost magical-realist, twist el cheapo swords, two metal doodads, plenty of porn, and a Waterfowl, where they learn: The potion is not magical, but alchemical You're the best priest ever!**".





# GRATITUDE

One October morning, rendered unconscious while driving, I careened into a tree on campus. The impact showed my car to have accordion like flexibility: the trunk sat tightly under the hood, the backseat somewhere underneath. My body was less flexible.

Two weeks in the hospital. One broken arm. Two broken legs: one at the right knee, the other at the left ankle. Fractured ribs poking into my lungs making each breath difficult, turning or twisting at the waist—impossible. I laid on my back completely immobile for 24 hours a day, watching the movie of my life turn over from the direction of my careful hands to a collection of people around me: nurses, doctors, surgeons, specialists, neurologists, mother, friends, ex's, school faculty and administrators, physical therapists, dieticians and rehabilitation home directors, among others.

Arrival back at Hampshire was startling with its relative indifference to my body as an extension of my privacy. I have never gotten over the somewhat naïve feeling that others should treat my body as if it belongs to me—as if it is my property, my right and hence exists in the realm of my privacy. I say naïve because my body has rarely been treated this way. I have often been reminded how frequently others believe they too have property rights to my body.

I harbor a stockpile of unaddressed resentments about

my arrival on campus. The girl who walked into a room full of people and stopped everyone from talking by pointing to me and saying, "Now what is this all about?". The guy who told a friend of mine that my "contraption was taking up too much room" and later asked me when I was going to "get out of the wheelchair and stop making everyone feel sorry for you". The way I felt forced to put on a smile and answer as many questions and leers as possible with a frozen and friendly face. The girls (yep, plural) who assumed that whoever I was dating was in need of sexual service because people in wheelchairs either don't/can't have sex or no one would want to have sex with them. The disability coordinator here who, when I called to ask if he knew of how I could get from Hampshire to my doctor for an appointment, reminded me that I had promised not to ask for any help from the Hampshire community. So much for coordination. And this is at Hampshire.

But, what is also at Hampshire are a plethora of people who made me being here possible, sustained me when I could not sustain myself and showed care and empathy in an unswerving and selfless manner.

The E.M.T.s were the first on scene. I have no memory of this, but remain eternally grateful for their presence and capabilities. Transferred to the hospital, Greg Prince was the first person I spoke to when I

became conscious. He offered encouragement, had spoken to my mother, wrote a card offering condolences and was readily available if I had any questions. Thank You.

Before I made my way back to campus, there were a host of arrangements being made for me. Mike Ford and Tom Doherty opened doors, made plans and got the ball rolling for me to get back on campus. Physical Plant staff moved boxes friends had packed from my room to an accessible room. They played an enormous role in aiding my recovery: fixed doors and lights and shoveled snow in places only I used. It seems minimal in print, but they created enormous comfort and security in my living space. House staff: Kimberly Chung and Ned Parker who helped me with whatever requests/needs I had and most importantly did not let me doubt those needs. Ned's response when I told him how expensive I'd heard the automatic door I needed for the bathroom was, "Just because it's expensive doesn't mean it shouldn't be there". Thank You.

And the staff of Saga rocked my world. They helped me move things, reach things, put things away, asked how I was everyday—were some of the first on campus to see me standing and offer their congratulations. They also took the time to notice the difficulties I was having, encouraging me to start running into people with my wheelchair that were getting in my way. They offered laughter, support and complete comfort

by Amanda Dennis

with my situation. The staff at the school store similarly took the time to move things, brought things to me and laughed with me at my frustrations in learning how to maneuver around corners. Thank You.

And my committee who encouraged me to focus on recovery instead of my div.

They brought flowers, sent emails, made phone calls, advocated on my behalf and allowed me a space to talk openly about the personal and political of disability. Thank You.

The host of students on campus who have parents who work in developing accessibility equipment and approached me to sympathetically lament how hard it is to get through doors, up hills and around corners in a wheelchair on campus. The students and intern of F-1 who welcomed me onto the floor with open arms. Thank You.

To the people who have asked in thoughtful ways how I am doing (as an aside—pretty good, walking is okay, stairs are difficult both up and down and yoga is damn near impossible,

but I'm working on it. It's getting easier everyday.) and the handful of you who had enough perspective to laugh and say, "Well, it could have been worse". To the girl who helped carry my wheelchair off the bus when I had to crawl off of it one day. To the fellas I sat with at lunch that went on talking politics as they moved chairs out of the way for me to sit with them. Thank You.

The morning I went to get my crutches, it took me half an hour to walk from my dorm in Dakin to the front door of Health Services. I was overwhelmed with emotion by the time I got there. It was my second day out of the wheelchair. I had not been alone and outdoors in months, much less been able to watch the sun rise. I walked into their doors and was met with incredible warmth. The entire staff has made a huge impact in my life with their willingness to work with individual needs and offer a variety of services. Thank You.

And of course: Mr. Kurie and Mr. Clarke, Jen, Grace, Claude ("I'm a gymnast, I'm a

gymnast!"), Joe and Danny who took care of my everyday. You (among so many other things) took all the stares on with me, lost jobs for me, drove 15 hours straight to come visit me, took the hospital trip to Springfield both on crowded buses and in crowded cars several times, came in from Boston repeatedly only to find duties such as sweeping my floor and doing my dishes, replaced light bulbs, set up my new room after packing up the old one a week before, bought a 6-pack of much needed Rolling Rock, took me to the Moan and Dove to play "Guess who is the cripple," responded to 9 am Saturday morning crisis phone calls, and made sure I was laughing, clothed, showered and fed every day. I don't have enough words for what you all did individually and collectively. The kindness tucked inside all of you sustained my worried mother and myself both emotionally and physically then and continues to do so now. Thank You. Thank You. Thank You.



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## EDITORIAL

that other group signers have to, just to do their schoolwork. Answer: They shouldn't. You don't have to give them more money (though you should) just make it easily accessible and free of the strings that come with running a student group. They really don't deserve any less.

(note, the above comes from a person who has next to nothing to do with Hampshire theater. I took two theater classes my first year, one pass, one incomplete, and wrote a play for New Play Fest and put it up. It was bad. I say this simply as a lover of theater. Speaking of which, if you haven't seen Cloud Nine yet, run don't walk to get your tickets. Seriously. If you don't, I'll cut you. Well, not really, I'll just laugh at you for being stupid.)

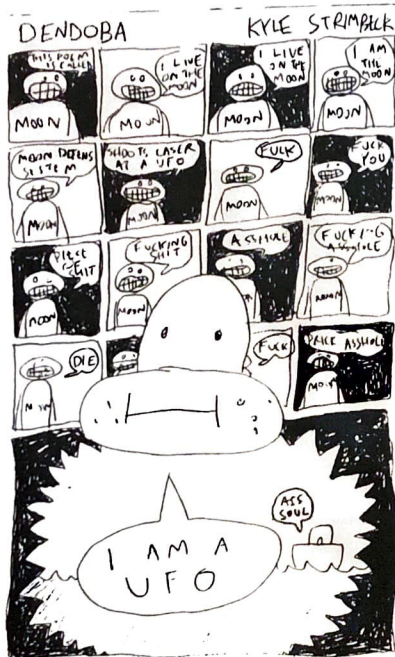
4. Until next time, I own Battle Royale 2. Who wants to touch me? I SAID WHO WANTS TO FUCKING TOUCH ME?!





A badger, he says. Now, humans; instead, anthropomorphic a few phic beasts are the dominant role-playing games in my day. I've got more console RPGs than I know what to do with, and my collection of 2nd edition D&D sourcebooks is pathetically large. I don't consider myself easily surprised. I'm happy with my view of the world of role-playing, and all the little nuances I've been familiar with for years. A badger, he says. Now, please understand. I REALLY like badgers. You know that flash animation with all the badgers and the mushrooms? Yeah, the one that continues on indefinitely. I love that animation, all the more so for its badger-based content. But a badger as a PC? You must be joking. "Not so!" exclaim my friends, and they continue to describe in horrifying detail some of the rudimentary concepts behind a table-top role-playing game known as *Ironclaw*. In *Ironclaw*, the world is not populated by

anced with a point system which determines how powerful, smart, huge, fast, and pretty much everything else you are. Of particular interest to me were the badgers. The friend of mine who had introduced me to the concept of role-playing as a badger told me all about his badger in a previous *Ironclaw* game. This thing was huge. It was simply massive, standing over 6 and a half feet tall and weighing in at a hefty 211 pounds. There are smaller elephants in this world. So, after talking about the previous game for a while, I got a little bit hooked. So did another friend; I drove him to go buy the rulebook that very day. After looking over the book for a long while at the store (and its oriental adventures counterpart, *Jadeclaw*), he decided to make the purchase. I am glad he did ... it saved me money. The rulebook is, for the most part, very user-friendly. It is usually easy to figure out how to check if your character can do any given action. Some



**Unrelated Comic by Kyle Strimbeck**

small problems were the difficulty in finding out exactly what some equipment does, because all of the hard information is in an appendix at the very end of the book. After having spent much more time reading this book than I should have, though, I feel pretty good about the system. I'm not going to go into mechanics here; I can't imagine anyone wants to read about how many d12s you get to roll for any given action. I will say this, however. There is really something to be said for the work the creators put

into designing the racial balancing system. Really, though it may seem like one race "cough"RHINOS"cough" is hideously overpowered, they really aren't. All the races have distinct styles of play they seem to work naturally with, and the system is flexible enough to allow any combination of career and race. You COULD turn your Rhinoceros into a spell-flinging wizard, whose natural strengths simply serve to make him not die. Or you could take a mouse template and turn it into a hulking brute whose

power comes from primal rage. Personally, I found the porcupines to be even more awesome than the badgers. I look forward to trying out the system. It looks like fun, and could be a worthwhile purchase to any one with a craving for role-playing.

Oh yeah, Deathfest was awesome.



## OMEN DISPATCHES

## GIRL SUSPECTS "DEPRESSED" BOYFRIEND ACTUALLY LAZY

**A**MHERST, MASSACHUSETTS: It's 4pm, and Greg Pizzari is wearing his trademark pajamas, eating cereal and watching cartoon network. His girlfriend, Karen, is drawing up plans to open her own restaurant. "We were going to start it up together, but now." She looks at Greg and sighs.

Six months into their relationship, Greg had told Karen that he's had a history of depression. Karen tried to be sympathetic. "When he told me, we had been in the middle of a fight. I was so concerned I just backed right off." Since then, Karen's concern for Greg's fragile emotional state has led her to cook, clean, and do errands for him. "He once woke me up at 3 am to get him strawberry ice cream. When I refused, he just gave me this blank stare, and then rolled into a fetal position. I just couldn't stand to see him in that kind of pain."

Though Greg assures Karen that he feels "sick" being dependant on her, Karen has recently begun to doubt that he was ever depressed at all. "When he lost his job a few months ago, he said it was because he was too depressed to make it to work. I remember a couple of those days. We went to the movies!"

Greg has since made no effort to get another job, choosing instead to walk around his apartment in his bathrobe, and borrow rent money from his parents. This, according to Karen, makes Greg feel "even worse." "Whenever I ask him about a job, he just walks into his room and closes the door. A few hours later, he leaves to hang out with the guys. When he's watching the game or playing a few rounds of pool, he sure doesn't *seem* unhappy."

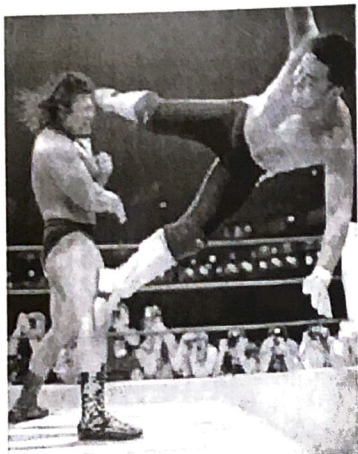
Greg's friends have their doubts as well. Craig, a crisis counselor and one of Greg's pals, notes, "Whenever it's his turn to pick up the pizza, he gets this look and tells us how unsupportive we are." If he's depressed, he's depressed, but I don't see why it's such a big f---ing deal."

Greg has thus far been resistant to counseling or possible medication for his depression. "He says, he'd rather get through this himself" Karen pauses between picking up empty coke cans. "I'm giving him two more weeks."

When asked to comment, Greg said that if we really cared, we would go buy him a bag of the new guacamole flavored Doritos.







**L**ife at Hampshire can sure be hard- what with elusive professors, impossible to please committees, and venereal disease. But keep your chin up and remember:

## A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

by Karl Moore

NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET, YOU'RE STILL NOT GETTING KICKED IN THE FACE BY TOSHIAKI KAWADA.



# THE PROBLEM WITH DAKIN

**O**kay, Dakin. This has gone so far past ridiculous that it's ridiculous. We have had four years' worth of fire alarms in four days. Seriously! Enough already. Let's look at the problem of "boy who cried wolf"-type fire alarms...

There was the night at the beginning of the year when there were two in one night - one at midnight, and another at two a.m. Remember? We all stood outside, complaining about being woken up (because, back at the beginning of the year, we would sometimes be asleep by two in the morning), and thinking about how much it would suck if this happened in winter, when it was cold. Comments ranged from "At least it's not raining" to "FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS GOOD, MAKE IT STOP!"

The first time that ear-piercing noise shattered my sleep, I actually worried. I wondered if I should grab my computer. I threw on a jacket and was out the door in five seconds flat. "Ha! Silly first-year," you are thinking. Yup! Now when I hear the fire alarm, I sigh in resignation (or swear, depending on my mood), pack some snacks and board games, and meander out to the quad.

During the winter, the problem was admittedly worse - not because the alarms were more frequent, but because it was insanely cold out. The

Dakin quad is not equipped with heat lamps, so we'd head to the House Living Room (yes, I've seen people sleeping on the stairs there, and yes, I've been one of those people), we'd head to Merrill, or we'd head to the mods.

But we didn't head to Saga, because, with one exception that I can recall, the fire alarm has never gone off during Saga hours. Wait, no, two exceptions. Once was about five in the afternoon, which would have just meant an early dinner, except that it was snowing that day, and one of my friends and I had decided that it would be cool to go swimming in the snow, and we were just coming back, and our hair was starting to freeze. I realize we were not the majority, but still.

The other time was 6:50 a.m. Now look, I don't care whether you smoke or not, but setting off the fire alarm at 6:50 in the morning because you need a nicotine fix is not cool with the rest of the people in your building. Really. Let's look at this logically: you're a smoker. You want a cigarette, but it's cold out and you don't want to go outside. Understandable so far, but if you

don't take whatever necessary precautions you need to take to smoke inside without setting off the alarm, and it goes off, then you're outside for half an hour (considerably longer than it takes to smoke a cigarette), and so is everyone else.

More recently, there was the week when the fire alarm went off *three times in four nights*. Come on, people! We know the reasons the fire alarm goes off: people smoking where they shouldn't, people pulling the alarms, people spraying fire extinguishers...oh, and that incident with the microwave.

But notice a strange similarity among the various reasons for hauling the Amherst firefighters out to our campus on a regular basis: all of them are caused by people - specifically Dakin residents -

doing stupid things! As far as I know, there has never once been a real, honest-to-God, actual fire in this building.

To conclude, I'd just like to say this to the people who have caused unnecessary fire alarms, and to anyone who is thinking of causing an unnecessary fire alarm in the future: no one likes you.

by Jenny Arch





## DIV III FEELING STRESS FROM ATTENDING MANY "DESTRESS" DIV III EVENTS

**G**reenwich, G-E – Sources report that Jared Weinrod, a Division III social science student, has been feeling highly stressed lately by the many events intended to help Div IIIs relax and unwind.

"My committee's been riding me lately about my second chapter," Weinrod reported via cellphone on his way to STAR for an afternoon of desserts. "It's not going so well and I realized I'm going to need to go to UMass to get a bunch more books. Once I get those, I'll still have to work really hard so I don't hand it in late. So I'm a little anxious about that. But what's really driving me crazy is that I never seem to find the time."

Weinrod's Division III, an examination of the body politics of eighteenth-century pastoral movements, has been praised by his committee members as "an interesting exploration of embodied nature" and "really building on Jared's strength in analytical writing". However, his committee has been wondering lately when they will see the output they've been hoping for.

"I keep trying to get him to make an appointment with me during my office hours, but he says 'afternoons aren't good'," confided committee chair Vivek Bhandari. "I even offered to take him out to lunch, hoping that would tempt him, but he said he was 'pretty full already' and 'had lunch plans

anyway'. I'm getting a little worried. May 7<sup>th</sup> is getting closer. I'm not sure Jared realizes how little time he has left."

While Jared does say that he recognizes, along with his fellow Div IIIs, the ever-present specter of May, he says he also realizes that he needs to build in time to relax and "take care of [him]self".

"I got up to my carrel in the library the other day, and put in a good hour or two on the laptop. I was just getting going and felt like a good structure for my argument was emerging. But all of a sudden I realized that there was a lunch meeting for social science Div IIIs, you know, to talk about our problems and how our work was going, in like ten minutes. And I remembered that if I don't let myself relax and take it easy sometimes, I won't be able to do any work either."

Jared's modmates have also noticed a recent drop-off in his meals at the mod.

"We all agreed to co-op at the beginning of the year," said third-year Vanessa Helberg, a member of Weinrod's five-person mod in Greenwich. "We'd each take a night to cook. It went fine last semester. But lately Jared never comes home for dinner and half the time he doesn't cook his night either. He says he's busy with Div III stuff, which I can understand, but then why does he always talk about how he's not making any progress?"

Some of Weinrod's

friends point to the recent proliferation of lunches, dinners, and desserts aimed at relaxing and celebrating Div IIIs as a factor in Weinrod's Divisional difficulties.

"He's always got some meeting to go to," said friend and CS Div III Michael Steves. "I told him hey, we can get together and do work if you want. But he said no, that there was a potluck Div III support group he'd promised to go to. Maybe the reason they need support is that they're going to potlucks instead of working on their Div IIIs." Steve pointed to a full menu of available Div III activities, including structured discussion groups, informal dinner meetings, and sessions on grad school and job hunting.

Weinrod acknowledges this possibility. "Sometimes it feels like with such a full schedule, it's hard to fit my Div III in. But I am taking a 300-level class as an advanced learning activity." He also described how his kayaking class, which he had scheduled so he'd have "a way to unwind physically" from long hours at his desk, also took a large portion of time out of his week. Given these activities, he felt that Div III-centered events were certainly not the only thing taking time out of his Div III.

"Maybe I'll cut back, though," he reflected. "I have been gaining a lot of weight, even with the kayaking class."

by Rebecca Costello



by Beth Day

**R**ebecca Costello and I lived in an apartment on the second floor of a yellow house on Meadow Street this summer. That area is college student housing central, meaning 4 am Tuesday night parties and frat boy catcalls at us when we walked in our bathing suits for a swim. The best part was receiving the Amherst paper and reading in the police log all the crazy shit that happens when you put a large public university in the same vicinity as a bunch of older people and cows. People call the police for anything, and it all gets printed in the paper...

Love,  
Beth Day, in Seattle

-A 14-year-old Amherst boy will be summoned to court on a charge of assault and battery with a dangerous weapon, a shod foot. The charge arose from an incident May 28 at the middle school in which a fight between two boys during a dodge-ball game.

-Several young people were reported throwing furniture including a couch into a bonfire on the grounds of Brandywine Apartments May 22 at 1:17 am. An Amherst Fire Department crew doused that blaze, as well as a desk found burning at adjacent Townhouse Apartments half an hour later.

-Loud women outside Sugarloaf Estates May 22 at 2:28 am were told police they were

## ALL IN A BETH DAY'S WORK

just excited after defeating men in a game of basketball. The basketball players were all advised to go inside for the night and resume their game in the morning.

-A 27-year-old Millers Falls man will be summoned to court on charges of assault and battery and assault and battery with a dangerous weapon, a shod foot, stemming from an incident in March outside a downtown bar.

-Amy Simpson, 22, of North Reading, was arrested June 3 at 8:09 pm following a traffic stop on Route 9 on an outstanding Boston warrant for failure to attend jury duty, police said.

-A 17-year-old Amherst woman will be summoned to court on charges of receiving stolen property valued at under \$250 and larceny under \$250 after she allegedly took a coat from a South Amherst school June 6 at 9:18 am, police said.

-A man found talking on the cell phone while loitering on Plumtree Road Monday at 11:17 pm was advised to move along.

-Two Palmer-area residents were warned about participating in lewd behavior at the Hawley Reservoir June 2 at 2 pm, police said.

-A CD changer and a 31-inch television were stolen from a sorority house on North Pleasant Street sometime before 2:12 pm on June 12. There was no forced entry, police said.

-Police are investigating an incident reported May 20 at 7:46 pm in which five people entered a residence at Southpoint Apartments and took a PlayStation II from a seven-year-old child.

-12:44 am – A small bonfire outside Alpha Delta Mu was extinguished when police got there.

-12:50 am – People yelling and screaming on Southpoint Apartments were gone when police got there.

-12:24 am – Pelham Road residents shooting off a BB gun and having a camp fire were advised to go inside for the night.

-1 am and 11:01 pm – Verbal warnings were issued by police to Puffton Village and East Pleasant Street residents holding loud parties.

-2:15 am – Police issued a verbal warning to Meadow Street residents playing a loud football game.

-6:41 am – A pile of horse manure was found left near the front door of the high school.

-8:25 am – An Old Belcher-town Road woman reported for the second time that a man has been threatening to kill her cat. She also said the man has been intimidating her by urinating on her property.

-8:43 am – Police advised a man exercising on playground equipment at Marks Meadow School to only be on school grounds when children were not in school.



-9:12 am - A puppy was reported whining inside an apartment at Mill Valley Estates.

-10 am - A Bay Road resident found an object with the word "TNT" written on it while mowing his lawn. Police determined it was part of a toy rocket.

-10:19 am - Police advised a boy found digging a hole at the old landfill to stop the activity and return home.

-10:53 am - An Aubinwood Road resident reported that he may have overpaid for an article of clothing that he purchased over the Internet. The man said he was duped into believing the clothing was authentic and not a reproduction.

-10:59 am - Police went to Maplewood Circle for reported ongoing dog issues, including threats made against one dog's well being.

-11:15 pm - People walking loudly on the floor of their Village Park residence were issued a verbal warning by police.

-11:16 am - Loud music heard at the high school was just a band practicing for a concert.

-11:38 am - A puppy that followed an Elf Hill Road resident home was picked up by police.

-11:46 am - A new Hollister Apartments woman requested assistance in dealing with her teenage son.

12:15 pm - A possum was seen hiding under a vehicle on Hitchcock Road. Police said the possum appeared to be cooling itself in mud.

-12:46 pm - A Puffton Village woman reported that rotting meat was left in her mailbox, on her front steps and on the hood of her vehicle.

-2:02 pm - Several girls were reported beating up another girl on North Pleasant Street.

-2:04 pm - A drunken man attempting to hug and kiss women at Ann Whalen Apartments was given a courtesy escort to North Amherst.

-2:07 pm - Police spoke to a man who reported that his daughter's boyfriend had picked her up from school without his permission. He was given advice on handling the situation.

-2:43 pm - A trespass notice was issued to a woman who came to the police station. - 3:03 pm - Police responded to a fight taking place outside Ren's Mobil and determined that it was just friends goofing off.

-3 am - A drunken man who was allegedly playing a game of chicken with a train as it crossed the tracks on Bridge Street was gone when police got there.

-4:05 pm - Police assisted a resident who came to the police station to complain about the way officers handled an April 4 call.

-4:28 pm - A Meadow Street woman told police that she is upset with her roommate for taking pots, pans, and utensils from the home and refusing to speak to her.

-4:54 pm - A Southpoint Apartments residents reported some kind of illegal transaction taking place between the driver of a vehicle and a tenant.

-5:16 pm - A vehicle struck a tree on Market Hill Road after a dog inside the vehicle wagged its tail and caused the gear to shift, police said. Damage to the vehicle was minor, according to police.

-5:38 pm - The front door to an Emerson Court residence had its window and screen damaged by debris blown by a lawnmower.

-7:02 pm - A tool shed on Arlington Road was entered and someone created a mess inside it by leaving beer caps and a bucket of urine.

-7:27 pm - Police received a complaint of a live band at the First Baptist Church. Police determined the noise was being made by a youth singing group that was finishing up its practice.

-7:42 pm - Loud drummers outside a Main Street business were gone when police got there.

-8:03 pm - Police determined a delivery truck parked near the middle school was not making excessive noise.

-8:18 pm - A Rolling Green Drive woman told police that she was evicting her son from the home after smelling marijuana coming from his room. Police confiscated a marijuana pipe and had it destroyed.

-8:43 pm - A dog swimming in a pond at the Wentworth Conservation Area was bitten by a beaver. Police brought the injured dog to Dr. Michael Katz for treatment.

-9:19 pm - A small group of youths causing problems near Bart's Homemade were gone when police got there.

-11:02 pm - A cow loose on West Street was struck by a vehicle, police said.

-11:35 pm - Police had several vehicles towed from North Pleasant Street that had been parked there by drunken people.



## INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTIANA COLOGNE, SLAM POET

by Zardion Richardson

C: Hello my name is Christiana Cologne.

ZR: What's up Christiana, the first question that I have is, what is poetry to you?

CC: Well for me poetry is my main venue of expression, and I have been writing all my life, but I have only been writing good poetry for about a year and a half. And I just feel that it's a way to really reach people and communicate your message. I think that it should be taken seriously, and that the stage is a sacred place because it is.

ZR: I noticed that you touch on a lot of issues in the poem, a song for Latonya. Such as racism, politics, racial profiling, and police brutality. What inspired you to write this?

CC: Well actually, I was invited to perform at an anti police brutality event at Square One, called no more spare lives. And I was like well I might as well write a piece about something that has happened related to police brutality. I did a little research to find out about Latonya Haggard, who was shot. I believe in the summer of 99. It was a really sad story, she was a passenger, she was getting a ride home from work, and they were double parked with somebody standing outside of the car. The cops pulled up behind them and told them to move along. They moved the cops followed, chasing them. The driver of the car knew that the cops weren't right. So they kept driving but eventually they

had to stop.

He did and then the cops came to the driver side of the door pulled him out beat him up real bad, and then she was trying to call his mother, on a cell phone to get some help. Cops thought it was a gun and shot her.

ZR: Damn.

CC: It's not just typical, stereotypical black people who you would think. She was a computer analyst coming home from downtown. So I took a little bit of liberty, of her life story in my poem because there was a certain picture that I wanted to paint which is why it's,

not specifically about her but inspired by her story.

ZR: You did a great job of painting the picture. What do you think of

when you write? What do you want to do specifically?

CC: Well, usually when I'm writing something there's a certain picture in my head; and my job as a writer is to make sure that everyone sees that picture. I could have said that latonya got in the car was shot, but that's not what poetry is.

ZR: So poetry is you describing something to its most fullest essence?

CC: Being able to communicate,... Being able to communicate to a point to

where people will listen. I think that poetry is an ancient art that is very effective story telling and I have a lot of respect for writers who write for that reason.

ZR: Who are your favorite poets and poems?

CC: I like Lamon, Kevin Covall. Mostly people that I know, I don't really read a lot of poetry. Most of the poetry that I am exposed to is from my peers, mentors, and teachers. Most of the reading that I do is fiction, which I do think influences my poetry. I read a lot of Toni Morrison her writing is very poetic.

**I think that poetry is an ancient art that is very effective story telling and I have a lot of respect for writers who write for that reason.**

Z R :  
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Beloved.

ZR: In what ways does she influence your writing?

CC: She influences my writing because she is very lyric she paints very vivid pictures. She has a very unique writing style. The texture of writing, I try to use that as a model for my own writing; she has beautiful sound and smell. Her imagery is like insane.

ZR: In an interview with Toni Morrison, I heard her say that when she writes that she tries to answer a question. Do you



have question that you want to answer in your writing?

CC: There's always a destination, not necessarily a question, or a thesis but there's always somewhere where I want to end up. I get to my first line, and that's me laying bricks to where I want to get, and it's just about filling in the blanks and coming to that end result.

ZR: I seen you perform at the city slam and you did a phenomenal job how did you prepare for it?

CC: Well as far as individually because I had performed that poem before at a concert before. I'm a performer I've been in theater long before I got into poetry. So performance was not the hardest part. To me the most challenging part was the team piece. Most of our meeting time as a team was spent on the piece. Out of the meeting space I did very little work on the individual piece; because that was something that I had already had prepared.

ZR: What do you think of some of the poets who went to the slam with mentality of slam being a competition?

CC: You know there were a lot of talented writers there, and I can say that all but one of the teams came there very sincere for the reason that I think a poetry slam exists; to share their story, and to be very honest very brave on the stage. And I think...can I express my feelings freely here?

ZR: Yeah, sure.

CC: I think that the team that won was very insincere, I think they were very glossy, hollow, and soulless. What they did on that stage was a menstrual show, and I was so dis-

heartened that the audience was that gullible. I expected so much more from the audience, I expected so much more from the judges. I really overestimated people's intelligence, because I did not think that they were going to fall for it. What they did on that stage was not poetry. I was embarrassed to share the stage with. I really felt like they defiled a sacred place.

ZR: Damn you just used so many big words. So it hurt you that bad?

CC: I mean, I was really disappointed, people thought that I was throwing a tantrum because I did not win; but I did not go there to win. Everyone had a very positive and uplifting attitude except for them. It was just very negative energy. I was just...I expected so much more from the writers on that team who I had seen before, and who did excellent poetry before. I think that they were influenced, by one of team members who is very, very competitive; and who I think has somehow over the years lost sight of what poetry really is. I keep hearing people say that "Why are you complaining, when you know that slam is garbage anyway, slam is different from poetry," but I don't think it is. If it is, it is because that certain people have made it like that. I think that it is unfortunate, and it is really sad. I felt so naive, like, maybe I was too idealistic about it, but then I was like no that is the way it's supposed to be. It's not about the competition, and it shouldn't be. Niki, the MC, said it best when she said, "This is just a marketing technique," that's what she said. It's a gimmick to get a bunch

of writers to share the same space.

ZR: How did you think teams the next year will perform their poetry on stage, do you think that they will do it similar to the way that the team did it?

CC: I'm afraid that teams who are previously very sincere and true to their art will see what it takes to win, and might try to imitate that; and I think that is probably the saddest part of all.

ZR: So in a way it's kind of what happened to hip hop?

CC: Yeah, I mean, when I was telling my friends about it, I kind of tried to explain it to them that way, "Like yeah, it would be sort of like if Nelly won a hip hop contest." You it's glossy, the beat is nice, but it's hollow, it's so empty. It doesn't mean anything. I was so sarcastic, nothing uplifting. That just really kills the whole point of poetry. Like I told you I feel that it is an ancient art, it was really embarrassing to see a room full of people be that gullible.

ZR: Yeah it was some people came there to see entertainment. Do you think that something similar could ever happen that could discourage you, to a point that you would never write again?

CC: No, possibly discourage me from doing it in competition, but I don't allow outside influences to affect me that deeply to stop me from writing. If anything it made me want to write about that, because I feel that is an issue that I need to expose.



## HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE



To: The Hampshire Community  
From: The Office of the President  
RE: School Reorganization  
by: Lauren Ryder

Office of the President  
Amherst, Massachusetts 01002  
413-549-4600

You may have already heard that we are going to be restructuring the four school system next year. This will be an exciting time for the Hampshire community as we reevaluate our academic program. There are many changes that are going to take place over the next few years and I want to give you an overview.

Defining the school of CCS has always been a difficult job. In order to better clarify the area it has been decided that it will be broken up. Some of its content will be moved into the other schools, and two new schools will be created. HA will soon be Humanities, Arts and Cultural Studies. NS will absorb computer science classes. SS will remain the same. Two new schools, Interdisciplinary Arts and Cognitive Science, will be created. The first will include film, theater, and dance courses and the second will contain all the course which do not fit in the other categories.

Next year will be a transitional period. Entering students will still be required to complete the traditional four Division I's. Since CCS will be undefined at that point, students may do their projects in anything that is not obviously Humanities, Social Science or Natural Science.

For the new millennium, Hampshire will unveil even more changes. The five schools will be split again. They will become Humanities, Cultural Studies, Social Science, Math, Science, Film, Dance, Theater, Philosophy, and Cognitive Science. All these categories will include the obvious classes their name would suggest, except for Cognitive Science, which will have all the classes which do not fit into one of the other defined areas of study.

Before you think about how hard it will be to do that many Division I's, let me explain the ground breaking pedagogical advances Hampshire will be making. Instead of the tedious, time consuming Division I project, students will be required to take classes in each of the areas offered. Each class will be worth a designated number of SHEEP (Student's Hampshire Educational Expectation Points). Any Advanced Placement test that entering students have passed will automatically be worth 5 SHEEP. Once the students have received enough SHEEP they will have completed the "Division One Experience" and are ready to move into Division II.

Division II will not undergo drastic changes, except that it will have to be filed the second day the student is on campus.

The Third World Expectation will be changed to The Underprivileged in America Expectation. This will be a crucial part of students' Division II since it will bring to light the economic hardships which exist in their own country. This project requires each student to have lunch with the work study student on campus. Afterwards they are to reflect upon the discussion and write a paragraph, not to be less than 100 words, about the experience.

There will be a new option for the Division III students. The traditional Division III paper could be replaced with additional course work if the student so chooses. This will give more freedom to students to pursue their area of interest in a classroom setting.

The final change, and perhaps the most exciting, is the school's newest logo. The current logo only represents the old four-school system. We hired a team of advertising agents, for a reasonable fee, to create a logo which better represents the Hampshire of the future.



We came across this in the Omen archives. Date of publication: March 6, 1978. If you believe that the first-year plan is a recent innovation, this is downright creepy. If you don't, this is evidence. Either way... shit, man. - R. Costello





The Omel  
Volume 2